

C. M. FLEMING, Editor and Prop.

ALMA RECORD. MICHAEL

## NOTES OF THE DAY.

The words from Joseph C. Hendrix, a prominent educator of Brooklyn, are so practical as to be of general application: It is a curious fact that many city boys reach the end of the school course without being able to tell what a monkey wrench is, or describe a cross-saw, or define the uses of a turning lathe, while a piston, a steam box, or a throttle valve are all far beyond their ken. They can, however, tell the number of elementary sounds in the language and the significance of the whole cluster of diacritical marks, all of which soon fade out of their minds.

In the limited time that the state has the privilege of teaching children in the Twelfth ward, it seems absurd to proceed with them with the circumstance that marks the work in the schools on the Hill, where the children will stay twice as long. Yet this is the present system. To change it means the risk of a demagogic cry of one school for the rich and another for the poor. Accordingly, the poor suffer. Some liberty should be allowed to a principal to suit the education he directs to the necessities of those under his care, that the boy who must be bread-winning at twelve shall not be despoiled of valuable time in ascertaining to a shade the fourteen sounds of the vowel A.

COMMENTING upon the fact that there is one insane person to every 500 Americans, and that the ratio has greatly increased in the last thirty years, Dr. W. B. Fletcher says that an apparent cause is the popular change of opinion regarding the treatment of insanity. Fifty years ago, to be sent to an insane asylum ostracized one as completely as a term in the penitentiary. That is all changed, and a brief residence in an asylum is no more detrimental to social standing than a visit to Hot Springs or Florida. Dr. Fletcher does not regard our system of education as a notably exciting cause of insanity. The evidence is rather to the contrary, the great majority of the insane coming from the ranks of the ignorant, where nature has supplied little mental power to begin with, and art has done less. The doctor is also in sympathy with the belief that the use of alcoholic beverages and narcotics is not, in itself, a prime cause of insanity.

LIEUTENANT TAIT of the United States Navy, who has gone up the Congo to Stanley Pool, does not share the enthusiasm about that region of the great African traveler, from whom the Pool is named. A short time ago the Lieutenant was at Cape Sabine in search of Greely and he finds a very marked change in the temperature. The thermometer has risen several degrees above zero since then. Sickness and death are the principal occupation of the inhabitants on the Congo. One grave yard at Stanley Pool, he says, is filled and they have opened another. Those who believe these expeditions "pious" should take a look at the graveyards along the river. When the white traveler is not sick with a fever, he has to take care of the other white men already there who are.

The United States Supreme Court has decided the law of Michigan unconstitutional which imposes a tax of \$300 upon the business done in the state by wholesale liquor dealers from other states. The object of the law was to equalize the burdens imposed by the state tax law upon the liquor business in the state. The prosecution was begun against an agent of a Chicago firm in Grand Rapids. The court fined the agent according to the law. The sentence was unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court of Michigan but overturned by the Supreme Court at Washington. It is of considerable practical interest to the wholesale liquor dealers of Michigan since they have to pay from \$200 to \$300 tax, while their outside rivals are thus left free.

A returned missionary criticizes the Chinese for their stubbornness in refusing to accept the blessing of a Christian civilization, and regards their refusal as an evidence that they are either bad or stupid. Oh, yes, certainly, the Chinese are inexcusable. A Christian civilization which shoots down fifty of their defenseless countrymen in cold blood, loots their houses and villages, and manifests toward them many other evidences of its divine origin is a beautiful thing, and no one but a pig-tailed heathen would refuse to accept such a blessing. Nevertheless, it seems to us that this returned missionary ought to work awhile among the gentle hoodlums of the Far West.

BISHOP WALDEN of Cincinnati, has become a property holder in Washington Territory in a rare manner. While he was holding a conference in Tacoma his services were enlisted in an effort to raise \$1,000 to pay off the debt on a Scandinavian Methodist Church. Becoming enthused over the cause he was pleading he declared that if he had a corner lot in Tacoma he would himself give \$50 for the building of such a church as that, whereupon a gentleman arose in the congregation and said, "Call at my office to-morrow and I will give you a deed to a corner lot." As Bishop got the corner lot, the church got \$50.

Sweeping is wholly unknown in Japan. The worst was a Japanese ever applied to a task "he dislikes" is "sweeping."

## THE STATE AT LARGE.

The State Must Pay for Grease.

Sheriff Stollwagen of Wayne county took an inventory of the effects of the former oleomargarine factory at 25 East Aviator street, Detroit, the other day. The last legislature passed a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of oleomargarine in Michigan. After strenuous efforts on the part of Geo. W. Allen, owner of the Detroit company, it was further provided that manufacturers should be liable to the state for the loss of taxes and materials which resulted from their being made useless. The law provides that oleomargarine companies may sue the state in any circuit court and sue for the amount of their loss. The sheriff then sells the machinery, etc., and pays the proceeds to the company. If this is not enough to pay the loss, the state treasurer makes up the deficit.

The inventory shows that the loss of the Detroit concern amounts to over \$30,000.

The machinery and materials will sell for little or nothing except old iron. The state will therefore be compelled to pay about \$30,000 to the Detroit concern. There are but two other oleomargarine factories in the state which will have to be similarly reimbursed.

## STATE SIFTINGS.

A meeting of representative citizens of Grand Rapids, Mich., was held recently to consider the matter of raising funds to meet the conditions attached to the location of the soldiers' home on the Burchard farm. Maj. Wm. Allen, chairman of the committee, expressed his opinion that the commission would make more liberal conditions since it was a question of the location of the soldiers' home.

The general store of L. P. Kacine of Birch River, Saginaw county, was burglarized on the other night and goods to the amount of \$400, consisting principally of tools, shoes, ribbons and general case goods, were stolen. The burglar was seen by Kacine, who called the town of Birch River, Saginaw county, and a team and light spring wagon were sent to the scene of the robbery, and it is supposed the thieves planned their work for such a purpose. No word except that a gang of men, who were seen in the neighborhood of the store, were seen for some days.

The public acts of 1885, with index to the laws of 1885 and 86, referring to all alterations, amendments, or repeals of the public acts of 1885, are now being distributed by the Secretary of State, as far as supplied by the binders, being the first time since 1885 that the Secretary of State has distributed such a volume.

Patrick Nash of Detroit, met a violent death the other night on the Michigan Central railroad near Chelsea. Mr. Nash was one of the flagmen attending a car of tracklayers on that section. He was riding on the car when it was struck by a freight train. The car was thrown from the track and the flagman was killed. The car was carrying a load of lumber.

F. W. Cook of Muskegon, discovered a fatal error in the complaint upon which C. R. Bunn, the labor agitator, was arraigned at Grand Rapids. Cook discovered that Bunn had been charged with conspiracy, and that the complaint was based on a false statement. Cook's discovery was made after Bunn had been arraigned and the case was set for trial.

Jacob H. Hicks, a prominent farmer of Lodi township, Washington county, owning 360 acres of valuable land in that township, died the other night at Jackson. He was born in New York in 1821, and came to Washington county in 1850. His father was a soldier in the war of 1812. Mr. Hicks has always identified himself with the principles and policy of the Republican party. He was a member of the Michigan legislature from 1870 to 1872.

While coming out of the M. E. church in Big Rapids on a recent Sunday, Will Van Loon, son of William Van Loon of the Big Rapids granite quarry, was assaulted by a man named Bruce, editor of the Big Rapids Journal, knocking him down and creating loss of property. A fight followed, and the man named Bruce was arrested. The case is now pending in court.

Jason Landon and Newton Hall of Watrousville, were arrested in East Saginaw the other morning, charged with stealing 10 sheep and 10 chickens from a farm in that township. The men were taken to the police station and are now being held for trial.

The Charlotte woman, coupled with being preparations for the construction of water works at an early day. The plan proposed will require 100 miles of main and 100 miles of branch pipe, and will cost \$100,000. The project is being pushed forward by the city authorities.

Mrs. Nettie Lawrence and John Jackson of Ann Arbor have been arrested, charged with stealing a building on Washington street, several weeks since, and Mrs. Lawrence is said to have been the principal actor in the theft. The case is now pending in court.

The North Star roller mill and elevator No. 1 in Sand Beach, all the property of J. Jenks & Co., burned to the ground the other morning. The fire broke out in the roller mill, and spread to the elevator. The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

W. J. Martin has been appointed assistant superintendent of the Saginaw, Marquette & Bay City division of the Michigan Central railroad. Mr. Martin is one of the best known railroad men in the state, and for some years has been train master at Bay City, the duties of which position he will continue to perform in connection with those of the office which has been created for him.

A touching incident at the funeral of the late Mrs. J. H. Allen, who died recently, was the presence of a young man, who acted as a pall bearer. Instead of leaving that last duty to others, they turned to him and asked him to perform the duty. He was a young man of 18, and the youngest, Ben J. of this city is 15—Monroe.

Mrs. Harman, wife of a farmer, living near Utley, Huron county, was seriously hurt the other night by being tossed by a steer. She was standing on the back of the steer when it was startled and reared up, throwing her into the air. She was taken to the hospital and is now recovering.

The Grand Rapids chair factory, north of the city limits, of which Conger & Co. are the principal owners, was recently the scene of a fire. The fire broke out in the south end of the building. It soon spread to the fourth story and damaged the stock and building to the amount of \$10,000 before the department subdued the flames, fully insured.

The Michigan state company, of which J. M. Turner and S. L. Smith of this city, are members, has received notice that the state capital commissioners of Colorado have adopted Michigan state for the new capital building at Denver. This company is also furnishing the state of Michigan with chairs.

conference, on the first evening of the session, September 2, 1885. Bishop H. W. Warren, Dr. J. McReed and others will deliver addresses. A general attendance of Methodists from all over the state is expected.

A large barn on the farm of Andrew Yerrick, near Osgood, was burned the other morning, together with a large quantity of grain. The loss is not estimated, but is heavy. The property was insured in the Farmers' Mutual of Allegan and Ottawa counties.

Prof. George, state veterinarian, states the disease which is now prevailing in the horses at the Point as being not hog cholera, but he cannot determine its exact nature without further investigation. The horses of the house are infected. The sanitary conditions of the premises were found to be good.

Mrs. John Johnson of Frankfort, shot her year old child through the head the other day. She found an old pistol, which had been used as a plaything by the child, and pointed it at the child, saying, "You are not allowed to shoot you," when to her horror it went off.

W. E. Harmon, formerly principal of the Claydon school, has become the head of the Livingston, Montana school. He is now in the position during good behavior, provided he is qualified to look such of the pupils as may desire it.

Mrs. Catherine Lawrence of Ann Arbor, who was arrested recently for arson in connection with an incendiary fire on Huron street, was examined before the grand jury. She was found to be sane and was released. She is now in the custody of her friends.

Representative F. L. Dodge of this city has been charged a fine for Representative T. B. Barry in the coming campaign trials, to take place at the next term of the Saginaw circuit court. Mr. Dodge is charged with the use of \$1,000 to aid in the campaign.

James Murray, a single man 45 years of age, employed at Hollinger's mill near Stanton, while intoxicated and driving a heavy rig, was thrown from the buggy against a stump and his brains knocked out. He died instantly.

A. C. Bowman, aged 35, a highly respected and well-to-do farmer of Grand Rapids, was thrown from a carriage by a runaway, the team being frightened at a passing Grand Rapids car. He was killed instantly.

The Michigan passenger agents have made a rate of two cents per mile for transportation to the local home at Grand Rapids. The rate will be in effect until the next session of the legislature.

It is understood that all mills in the Saginaw and Grand Rapids sections, which are now closed, will be reopened in a few days, with the new law in force. The mills will be reopened in a few days.

The Lodi village board has loaned to D. P. Mason, \$10,000 at 10 per cent interest, which will be repaid in installments of \$1,000 per year. The loan is for the purpose of building a new school house.

A large was burned on the Allen farm, five miles northwest of Jackson, and its contents destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$10,000. The fire was caused by a lightning strike.

Whitman Riley, an aged man of Birch River, died the other day. He was 80 years of age. He was a well-known citizen and a member of the church. He was buried in the local cemetery.

The community of Lodi, Mich., is now in the process of establishing a synagogue, and their friends of other religions there will help them in this. The synagogue is to be built on a lot in the center of the town.

Miss Adelaide Richardson, a graduate of Ann Arbor medical college and teacher of physics at Mr. Hodge's academy, was married the other day to a young man of this city. The wedding was a simple affair.

David Lester and Walter Role are erecting a steam bath block at Marine City, Mich. The building will be three stories high and will contain a large bath. The estimated cost is \$10,000.

The second National bank of Hillsdale has taken the entire amount of bonds for the building of the new school house. The bank has a capital of \$100,000 and is now in the process of building a new school house.

One fortunate result of a visit to the state fair at Grand Rapids, was the fact that the fair was a success. The fair was held for a week and was attended by a large number of people.

## "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

Angels-Paper.  
This is one of the songs of the people which have sprung into existence without anyone knowing how they originated, and which, having been transmitted through several generations, have become known as national ditties. There is no exact information as to the age of this song, though it is probably contemporary with the time of the Civil War. It is sung, and which belongs to the 18th century.

I'm someone since I crossed the hills,  
And o'er the moorland ridge,  
Such heaviness my bosom fills,  
Since parting with my Betsy!  
I seek for one so fair and gay,  
But find none to remind me  
How blessed the hours which passed away  
With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I do remember well,  
When first she owned she loved me,  
Again within my breast doth tell  
How constant I have proved me.  
And now I'm bound for Brighton Camp,  
And heaven, then, pray guide me,  
And send me home, safe back again,  
To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,  
Asleep or waking;  
I long to see my love again;  
For her my heart is breaking.  
Where'er my steps return that way,  
Still faithful shall she find me,  
And never more again I'll stray  
From the girl I left behind me.

## THE WOMAN IN RED.

A Thrilling Italian Story of the Last Century.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MAGNAN—A FEARFUL RIDE.

As soon as the news had been circulated among the community of persons who inhabited the borders of the infected districts, they, for their own future peace and comfort, took measures to communicate the fact to the hands that were located about them, that they might avail themselves of the offer of pardon, and retire from their unwholesome pursuits.

The news was generally received by the robbers with gratitude, and a very large portion of the clans was soon brought to heel. The robbers, however, not to accept the proffered lenity of the government were soon hunted down; and within a year's time the mountains were rid of those pests, who had for a long period previously occupied their caves and passes.

The mansion of Count Donati was situated in a beautiful spot, and was a very elegant one. It was a large and comfortable house, and was well furnished. The Count was a man of high rank, and was very rich. He was a man of high rank, and was very rich.

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gave his entertainments still under the "non de guerre" of Signor Bietzer, and was rapidly accumulating a large sum, and his thoughts of commencing his tour, when Count Donati, after reading the account we have quoted, left Genoa, and arrived at Palermo.

Amidst all his shifting and changes and adventures, Claudio had constantly retained possession of his favorite black mare, "Peri." When he absented himself from the country, he always placed her in charge of a faithful person who provided for her, and took a pride in preserving her in a fine condition constantly against the hour when her master might, at any time send for her. This was a noble beast; and next to his wife he loved his matchless "Peri."

Few men in Europe could manage a horse or ride one better than Claudio; and this was a favorite exercise with him, for his wife, who was a magnificent horsewoman as well. Their excursions into the suburbs, on all convenient occasions, were frequent. They were entering Palermo one evening, just at dusk, riding slowly along, when the palfrey upon which Francesco was seated became suddenly alarmed at some object at the road side, and halted unexpectedly. In her sudden attempt to recover the bit and bring her horse in hand again, the girl of the saddle slipped, and the lady instantly sprang to the ground to save herself. Rodolpho was at her side immediately, and the saddle straps were at once tightened, and she sprang lightly into her seat again, as if nothing had happened.

As Claudio wheeled to mount his mare, he felt a sharp blow at the back of his head—from whence, or by whom, he had no idea; and as he fell senseless at the side of the road, a stranger jumped over his prostrate body into his saddle, and the mare dashed furiously away upon the track of Francesco.

It was some time before Francesco could stop her palfrey, which had been frightened by the sudden appearance of a man's form, which protruded from the side of the road, which neither Claudio nor his wife had observed. That intruder was Count Donati, who had just reached Palermo and having learned the temporary whereabouts of those he sought, determined to wait upon them at once, and make his bow to the lady, under the circumstances.

Claudio, stunned by the blow he had received, still lay unconscious of anything, when the strange rider overtook Francesco. Evening had set in, and it was very nearly dark when the well-known Peri dashed up to her side, and she noticed that the rider (whom she mistook for her husband) seized upon the palfrey's bit. She shouted at this act, which she supposed was to aid her, and said:

"Do not touch him, Claudio; he is behaving very well. I am quite safe; do not check him thus."

"Francesca," said a familiar voice, which penetrated to her very heart; "halt, Francesca, and listen to my words."

Paralyzed with terror, shocked at the sudden appearance of her guardian, the Count, and deeply alarmed for her absent husband, poor Francesca could not speak for a moment. She looked back, then at her guardian, then at Peri, and thus she stood.

"Claudio! Claudio! my husband! Where is he? Where is he?"

"Hear me, Francesca," said Count Donati, firmly. "You have escaped me three; you cannot do so again. I have staked my all of hope and revenge upon this moment."

"Count Donati, tell me, is he hurt?"

"Forward, Francesca; you must accompany me now. Claudio will not molest us at present. Be sure of it. Forward, I say," and the Italian driver, who was seated in the saddle, while he clutched the bit of Francesco's palfrey with an iron grip, and away dashed the horses, side by side, the unfortunate wife scarcely realizing where she was or what she was doing amid her terror and excitement.

Away went Peri at top speed for a few moments; but very soon disconcerted as she was by the unusual weight, and the two spurs that gored her flanks were altogether a new mode of impetus to her. The palfrey was like a fox, and Francesca still kept her seat, though whether she had no idea.

On dashed the guardian and his ward at a furious pace; and poor Rodolpho, robbed of his wife without a moment's warning, lay motionless upon the roadside ignorant of the cause of his trouble, and utterly unconscious of what had been transpiring since he received the blow upon his forehead.

Forward, then, Donati! It is your last chance. The game is a desperate one, and you may win, but the chances are against you. Francesca, however, cared for the beast who was riding his known the voice of a kinder rider for many a month, and her proud spirit will scarce brook the treatment you now offer her. The matchless Peri strode away at a terrible pace, and the palfrey upon which Francesca was seated still galloped on as fast as its legs could carry her, while the desperate Italian drove his rowel into Peri's side, and continued still to shout, "Forward, Francesca! forward! There is no other course left you."

Five minutes is a long space of time for a man to be bereft of his senses; and in five minutes of time, at the pace they traveled, the Italian and his companion must have gone a very considerable distance from the point where Claudio had been struck down. But as there is usually an end to this sort of thing, so there was an end to his unconsciousness, and when he came to himself partially, he half arose, endeavored to look about him, and call to mind what had happened; but his sensations were such, that he could not determine where he was or what had brought him there. Suddenly, however, he sprang to his feet, jumped in to the road, and cried:

"Francesca! my wife, Francesca!"

The truth flashed upon his memory, and he brought him to the attack, the accident, and then all was chaos again. His horse was gone, his wife was gone, his enemy (whoever he was) was gone. He was not badly hurt; his purse was safe; but he was entirely alone. What could it mean?

He did not halt to make unnecessary and fruitless inquiries, but, as well as he was able, although still confused and dizzy, he staggered, half ran, along the road toward the town. Ah, how did he long to trust that his poor wife had not been harmed, and that he should be able soon to greet her in safety! He hastened on therefore, and made the best of his way toward the hotel.

The fugitives had arrived within half a mile of the line of the town, when Peri became furiously excited from the repeated wrings and goings and

back with sorrow on the untimely end of Count Donati, whom at one time she had considered as her father, and who, despite his cruelty of late, had often shown her signs of affection and good will. She believed that it was nothing but his inveterate hostility to Claudio, her husband, which had caused his late relentless persecution of her. When she again revisited the old town, and saw the familiar places and scenes, and thought of the father, who had brought up, the memories of the past thronged before her, she remembered her gentle, loving mother (at least, her whom she had always supposed to be her mother), the Countess Donati; and then, too, there arose in fancy before her the image of her real parent, the "Woman in Red." It was not without causing an involuntary shudder, that the Countess presented itself, for the remembrance of the Jewess was as blended in her mind with the scenes of violence and sorrow to those she had loved most dearly, that, though she believed firmly she was indeed her daughter, she could not bring herself to regard her with the affection a parent should command.

Other, were no longer poor now; for, beside the moderate fortune Claudio could call his own, Francesca inherited all the wealth which Count Donati, the ex-brigand, had left behind him.

Accordingly her husband, anticipating her wishes, had made arrangements by which they came in possession of the Palazzo Donati, and she was installed as mistress in the home of her noble youth and manhood.

It might have been supposed that under these circumstances, Francesca would have not only tasted, but enjoyed unalloyed happiness. Such, however was not the case. A perpetual gloom hung over her life, which the tragic death of him whom she once supposed to be her father was quite insufficient to account for. The three years named by the Jewess had expired, and though she had not made her appearance to claim the fulfillment of Francesco's vow, still the young wife was troubled and anxious at heart, for she knew not on what day she might be called upon to renounce her husband or falsely her solemn oath.

"Rather too late," replied another, taking up the man's hand, "he is dead."

A surgeon was sent for, however; the body was removed to a more suitable place for examination. But all was useless, Count Donati, the once supposed father of Francesca, and the sworn enemy of her husband, the bandit and robber, the celebrated chieftain Bernardino—was no more.

But Claudio hurried along, and as he advanced the exercise rather aided him. He was all in doubt and confusion—hopeful, yet fearing to know the result of this night's work, when he heard a voice galloping down the road toward him, a rapid rate from the direction of the town. As the animal approached nearer, he stepped a little aside, until (if he had a rider) he might be hailed, when he shouted, "Halt! halt!" which brought both palfrey and rider to a standstill, for that voice was well remembered.

"Claudio!" shouted Francesca in response, as she leaped from her saddle at a bound. "Claudio, my husband, are you safe? Are you safe? Are you not hurt? Speak, quick!"

"No, loved one I am not hurt much. But where is Peri? Where come you and what does all this mean?"

"Oh, Claudio, in one word I beg you hasten. Count Donati lies bleeding by the road not a hundred yards hence."

"Count Donati!"

"Yes, yes; do not pause now, do not ask a question. I beseech you; but haste—in humanity's name, hasten to aid him."

"How came he here?" said her husband, confusedly, and insisting upon placing his wife in the saddle again. "Where did Count Donati come from, pray?"

"Away Rodolpho. For my sake, now away, and save him if possible," continued Francesca, kindly. And in a very little time they reached the spot where lay the form of the once powerful robber, who had now ceased to breathe. It was a very sympathetic, kindness of surgeon skill. The doctor said, "Count Donati was dead. The body was removed, as we have stated, and a brief explanation took place. It was clear to the examining authorities that this man was upon the wrong horse, at any rate; and it was quite as clear that he not only had no right there, but that his death occurred by being thrown and dragged after his horse's head. He was dead, and they could not proceed further toward him, even if he had criminally possessed himself for the time being, of Claudio's horse. So they suffered him to take charge of the mangled body, and the event was soon afterward forgotten."

Francesca, though deeply agitated and alarmed, recovered her self sufficiently at last, where she quickly explained the whole affair to her husband in detail. Claudio bore no malice in his composition; and so, after hearing his wife's story, though he saw that Donati would have robbed him of Francesca, and left him to die by the roadside, in order that he might thus triumph over the old Italian was now beyond harm, he forgave him, and he forgave him for the manifold injuries he had sustained at his hands and went about the work of having his remains cared for in a suitable and respectable manner.

After some consultation between Claudio and his wife, such a version of the story of his death as seemed fit to them under the circumstances was prepared and published, to be sent to Genoa for the information of that community. This account stated in general terms, that Count Donati came to his death by being run away with and thrown from his horse. And no questions were subsequently asked which were not readily answered in connection with this statement.

The body was placed in a leaden coffin, and afterwards in a wooden one; and there were encoined and sent forward at once to the villa of Count Donati, whither Claudio and Francesca resolved to follow the corpse, and give it a proper burial, having in view also, an examination of Count Donati's pecuniary affairs, and a determination to look after his property, which they both supposed to be very valuable.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MYSTERIOUS PRIAR.

The voyage home was a melancholy one, for Francesca could not but look

back with sorrow on the untimely end of Count Donati, whom at one time she had considered as her father, and who, despite his cruelty of late, had often shown her signs of affection and good will. She believed that it was nothing but his inveterate hostility to Claudio, her husband, which had caused his late relentless persecution of her. When she again revisited the old town, and saw the familiar places and scenes, and thought of the father, who had brought up, the memories of the past thronged before her, she remembered her gentle, loving mother (at least, her whom she had always supposed to be her mother), the Countess Donati; and then, too, there arose in fancy before her the image of her real parent, the "Woman in Red." It was not without causing an involuntary shudder, that the Countess presented itself, for the remembrance of the Jewess was as blended in her mind with the scenes of violence and sorrow to those she had loved most dearly, that, though she believed firmly she was indeed her daughter, she could not bring herself to regard her with the affection a parent should command.

Other, were no longer poor now; for, beside the moderate fortune Claudio could call his own, Francesca inherited all the wealth which Count Donati, the ex-brigand, had left behind him.

Accordingly her husband, anticipating her wishes, had made arrangements by which they came in possession of the Palazzo Donati, and she was installed as mistress in the home of her noble youth and manhood.

It might have been supposed that under these circumstances, Francesca would have not only tasted, but enjoyed unalloyed happiness. Such, however was not the case. A perpetual gloom hung over her life, which the tragic death of him whom she once supposed to be her father was quite insufficient to account for. The three years named by the Jewess had expired, and though she had not made her appearance to claim the fulfillment of Francesco's vow, still the young wife was troubled and anxious at heart, for she knew not on what day she might be called upon to renounce her husband or falsely her solemn oath.